

Drunk and Orderly

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Summary: Berger gets drunk and Claude has to go find him...

Drunk and Orderly

**(I don't own HAIR, any of Shakespeare's works or Lenny Briscoe from Law and Order. Inspiration came from World's Dumbest Criminals, btw timeline is 1971.)**

Claude Bukowski was at his parents' house for the night for the first time in like a week by his calculations. It was 10pm and he was hiding out in his room there. He much rather be with Berger and the rest of the Tribe but it was his mother's birthday so he was willingly stuck in Queens. He heard the phone ring downstairs.

"Claude, Honey telephone?" Said his mother knocking on the door.

"Coming." He wondered who would be calling him at 10pm, he also heard his father question the same thing. "Thanks Mom, Hello?"

"Hello Mr. Bukowski, this is Officer Lenny Briscoe of the NYPD."

Claude thought _'Oh God this can't be good'_ "How can I help you?"

"We have a person here who asked us to call you."

"Who?" He asked knowing it could be anyone in the Tribe.

"Well he's given us several names." Claude rolled his eyes heavenward. He knew immediately this was going to be a long night and a blast to explain to his parents who were looking at him with concern and slight annoyance.

"What are they?" Briscoe turned to the strangely coherent man in the holding cell.

"Kid, I have your brother on the phone I think what's your name?" Claude snorted at the use of the word 'brother' to describe the intoxicated man and his relationship.

"My name is Banana-Berger, Unzipped Bergerâ€|" Said Berger.

"Alright I'm in Queens, so it's going to take me a while to get there. If he starts spouting off Shakespeare, just tell him to shut up."

"Son, he's drunk nobody is going to be speaking poetry here tonight."

"Officer don't say I didn't warn you." Claude hung up the phone closed his eyes and rubbed at his temples.

"Claude is everything okay?" Asked his mother.

"Yeah Mom, I just have to head home sooner than I thought."

"What's wrong?" Asked his father.

"I have to go kill Berger." Said Claude as he smiled a little.

"Kill him? Why?" Asked his mother.

"He had a few too many drinks tonight and somehow got picked up."

"Claude, if he's drunk maybe you should leave him there for the night." Said his father.

"Not a good idea Dad."

"Why?"

"How do I explain this? When Berger drinks or smokes enough pot which he's probably also on he gets very poetic."

"What?"

"We can't figure it out, but he'll start saying Shakespeare. Last time was Hamlet. I'm afraid the cops might shoot him if I don't go get him." Said Claude with a laugh. "Thank you for dinner. Happy Birthday Mom."

"Thank you Sweetheart, I hope everything works out."

"Oh it will, I'll call you tomorrow."

"Bye Honey."

"See ya."

Claude left his parents' house and headed towards the subway. An hour and a half later he pulled his hair out of the holder and made his

way into the 27th precinct.

"Can I help you?"

"Yeah I'm looking for Officer Briscoe?"

"Upstairs."

"Thank you." Claude entered the room and heard Berger's voice.

"_One fairer than my love? The allseeing sun. Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun._"

"Oh good God shut the fuck up Berger." Said Claude with a laugh recognizing the line from Romeo and Juliet.

"Claudio!"

"Mr. Bukowski?"

"Yeah."

"Officer Briscoe we spoke on the phone."

"Right, how long has he been reciting Romeo and Juliet?"

"That just started, but he did start with Julius Caesar first about an hour ago. When I found him out on Broadway he read me his Miranda Rights. He's a very articulate drinker huh?"

Claude started to laugh. "Among other things. Can I take him home?"

"Yeah I was going to charge him with public intoxication, but frankly he's entertained us tonight. Take him home give him a couple aspirins and enjoy telling him about it in the morning."

"Oh I will." Said Claude as one of the other cops unlocked the holding cell.

"_O Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou Romeo?_

Deny thy father and refuse thy name

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love

And I'll no longer be a Capulet." Said Berger

"Please pass out soon." Begged Claude.

Claude got Berger back to their place and brought him into their room before heading back into the living room when Woof walked in glanced in the room when he heard snoring and saw Berger passed out. He looked over at Claude and laughed.

"So which was it tonight?"

"I was at my parents' and I got a call from the 27th precinct that he had been picked up on Broadway for public intoxication. He read his Miranda Rights to Officer Briscoe while the officer was trying to

read them to him. Then when he was asked his name he told them every single one we've given him." Woof was laughing. "Oh I'm not done. He started to speak Julius Caesar. All before I got there."

Woof laughed even more. "So what happened after you got there?"

"He was on to Romeo and Juliet." Said Claude.

"Well at least it wasn't Hamlet or MacBeth this time."

"Yeah, no shit. I'm going to bed I'll see you in the morning."

"Night." Said Woof.

The next morning Claude was sitting on the bed nursing a cup of coffee watching Berger sleep. A groan sounded from Berger who was laying face down on the bed. Claude smiled knowing his partner was now hung over. Berger rolled over and smiled at Claude.

"Morning. What time did you get back?"

"Good morning Juliet. I got back when I picked you up from the 27th precinct." Berger just groaned knowing Claude was going to make his day hell.

"Kiss my ass."

"When you're not hung over Julius."

"You suck."

"Not today." Said Claude leaving the room.

"Can I at least get some coffee?"

"Sure Friar Laurence."

"I HATE YOU!"

"I love you '_Romeo, Romeo wherefore art thou.' _ Oh right you're hung over in bed."

"Claudio?"

"What?"

"I love you." Said Berger.

"I love you too, Banana-Berger you articulate drunk you."

The End

Hope you enjoyed!

End
file.